MERRIE
Conceited Jests,
OF
GEORGE PEEL Gent.

Sometimes Student in *Oxford*.

Wherein is shewed the course of his life, how he lived: a man very well known in the City of *London*, and elsewhere.

Buy, read, and judge,
The price do not grudge:
It will do thee more pleasure,
Than twice so much treasure.

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The Jests of George Peel, with four of his Companions at *Brainford*.

George, with others of his Associates, being merry together at the Tavern, having more store of Coin than usually they did possess, although they were as regardless of their silver, as a garden whore is of her honesty, yet they intended for a season to become good husbands, if they knew how to be sparing of that their pockets were then furnished withal: Five pounds they had amongst them, and a plot must be cast how they might be merry with extraordinary chear three or four dayes, and keep their five pounds whole in stock: George Peel was the man must do it, or none, and generally they conjured him by their loves, his own credit, and the reputation that went on him, that he would but in this shew his wit: and withal he should have all the furtherance that in them lay. George as calle as they earnest to be woo'd to such an exploit, consented, and gathered their money together, and gave it all to George, who should be their Purse-bearer, and the other four should seem as Servants to George Peel; and the better to colour it, they should go change their cloaks, the one like the other, so near as they could possible: the which at Belzebubs brothel the Wizzards, they might quickly do: This was soon accomplished, and George was furnished with his black Satin suit, and a pair of boots, which were as familiar to his legs, as the Pillory to a Weavers or Colliers neck, and he sufficiently possest his friends with the whole scope of his intent, as gentle Reader, the sequel will shew. Instantly they took a pair of Oars, whose arms were so make a false gallop no further than Brainford, where their fare was paid them so liberally, that each of them the next tide to London, purchased two new waistcoats, yet should these good benefactors come to their usual places of trade, and if they spie a better fare than their own, that haply the Gentleman hath more mind to go withal, they will not only fall out with him that is of

their own swéet transporters, as they are: but abuse the fair with foul spéeches, as a Pox, or the Devil go with you, as their Godfather Charon the Ferry-man of Hell hath taught them. I speak not this of all, but of some that are brought up in the East, some in the West, some in the North, but most part in the South: but for the rest they are honest compleat men, leaving them to come to my honest George who is now merry at the thrée Pigeons in Brainford, with Sack and Sugar, not any wine wanting, the Musicians playing, my host drinking, my hostis dancing with the Worshipful Justice, for so then he was termed, and his manson house in Kent, who came thither of purpose to be merry with his men, because he could not so conveniently near home, by reason of a shrewish wife he had: my gentle hostis gave him all the entertainment her house could afford: for Master Peel had paid royally for all his five pounds was come to ten groats. Now George Peels wit labours to bring in that five pounds there was spent, which was soon begotten. Being set at dinner, My Host, quoth George, how falls the Tide out for London? Not till the evening, quoth mine Host, have you any business sir? Yes marry quoth George, I intend not to go home this two daies: therefore my Host saddle my man a horse for London, if you be so well furnished, for I must send him for one bag more, quoth George, ten pounds hath séen no Sun this six months. I am ill furnished if I cannot furnish you with that, quoth my Host, and presently saddled him a good Nag, and away rides one of Georges men to London, attending the good hour of his Master Peel in London. In the mean time George bespeaks great chear to supper, saying, he expected some of his friends from London. Now you must imagine there was not a penny owing in the house, for he had paid as liberally as Cæsar, as far as Cæsars wealth went. For indéed most of the mony was one Cæsars an honest man yet living in London. But to the Catastrophe. All the day before, had one of the other men of George Peel béen a great solicitor to my Hostis, she would beg leave of his Master he might go sée a maid a swéet heart of his so far as Kingston, and before his Master went to bed he would return again: saying, he was sure she might command it at his Masters hands. My kind Hostis willing to pleasure the young fellow, knowing in her time what belonged to such matters, went to Master Peel, and moved him in it, which he angerly refused: but she was so earnest in it, that she swore he should not deny her, protesting he went but to sée an Uncle of his some five

miles

miles off: Marry I thank you, quoth George, my good Hostis, would you so discredit me, or hath the knabe no more wit, than at this time to go, knowing I have no horse here, and would the base cullian go on foot: Nay, good sir, quoth mine Hostis, be not angry, it is not his intent to go on foot: for he shall have my Mare, and I will assure you sir, upon my word he shall be here again to have you to bed; well, quoth George, Hostis, I'le take you at your word, let him go, his negligence shall light upon you. So be it, quoth mine Hostis: so down goeth she, and sends away cibil Thomas, for so she call'd him, to his sweet heart, backt upon her Mare, which Thomas instead of riding to Kingston, took London in his way, where meeting with my other horseman, attended the arrival of George Peel, which was not long after: they are at London, George in his chamber at Brainford, accompanied with none but one Anthony Nit a Barber, who din'd and supt with him continually, of whom he had borrowed a Lute to pass away the melancholly afternoon, of which he could play as well as Banks his horse. The Barber very modestly takes his leave, George obsequiously bids him to supper, who (God willing) would not fail. George being left alone with his two supposed men, gave them the mean how to escape, and walking in the court, George found fault with the weather, saying, it was ravish and cold: which word mine Hostis hearing, my kind Hostis fetched her husbands holiday gown, which George thankfully put about him, and withall called for a cup of Sack, after which he would walk into the Meddows, and practise upon his Lute. Tis good for your worship to do so, quoth mine Hostis: which walk George took directly to Sion, where having the advantage of a pair of Oars at hand, made this journey for London, his two Associates behind had the plot in their heads by Georges instruction, for their escape: for they knew he was gone, my Hostis she was in the market buying of provision for supper, mine Host he was at Tables, and my two masterless men desired the maids to excuse them if their Master came, for, quoth they, we will go drink two pots with my Smug Smiths wife, at old Brainford. I warrant you, quoth the Maids: So away went my men to the Smiths at old Brainford, from thence to London; where they all met, and sold the horse and the Mare, the Gown and the Lute, which money was as badly spent, as it was lewdly got. How my Host and my Hostis look'd when they saw the event of this: go but to the three Pigeons at Brainford, you shall know.

Th: Jests of *George* and the *Barber.*

GEorge was not so merry at London with his Capons and Claret, as poor Anthony the Barber was sorrowful at Brainford for the loss of his Lute, and therefore determined to come to London to seek out George Peel, which by the means of a Kinsman that Anthony Nu had in London, his name was Cuts or Feats, a Fellow that had good skill in tricks on the Cards, and he was well acquainted with the place where Georges common abode was: and for kindred sake he directed the Barber where he should have him, which was at a blind Ale-house in Sea-coal-lane. There he found George in a green Jerkin, a Spanish platter fashioned hat, all alone at a peck of Oysters. The Barbers heart danc't within him for joy he had so happily found him, he gave him the time of the day: George not a little abashed at the sight of the Barber, yet went not to discover it openly, he that at all times had a quick invention, was not now behind hand to entertain my Barber, who knew for what his coming was: George thus saluted him, My honest Barber, quoth George, welcome to London, I partly know your business, you come for your Lute, do you not? Indeed Sir, quoth the Barber, for that is my coming. And believe me, quoth George, you shall not lose your labour, I pray you stand to and eat an Oyster, and Ile go with you presently: For a Gentleman in the City of great worship, borrowed it of me for the use of his Daughter, that plays exceeding well, and had a great desire to have the Lute: but Sir, if you will go along with me to the Gentlemans house, you shall have your Lute with great satisfaction, for had not you come, I assure you I had sent to you, for you must understand, that all that was done at Brainford among us mad Gentlemen, was but a jest, and no otherwise. Sir, I think not any otherwise quoth the Barber: but I would desire your worship, that as you had it of me in love, so in kindness you would help me to it again. Oh God, what else, quoth George, Ile go with thee presently, even as I am, for I came from hunting this morning: and should I go up to the certain Gentlemen above, I should hardly get away. I thank you Sir, quoth the Barber, so on goes George with him in his green Jerkin, a wand in his hand very pretty, till he came almost at the Aldermans house, where making a suddain stay, Afore God, quoth George, I must crave thy pardon at this instant, for I have bethought my self, should I go as I am, it would be imagined I had had some of my Lords hounds out this morning, therefore Ile take my leave

at

of thee, and meet thee where thou wilt about one of the clock. May good sir, quoth the Barber, go with me now: for I purpose, God willing, to be at Brainford to night. Saist thou so, quoth George, why then Ile tell thee what thou shalt do: thou art here a stranger, and altogether unknown, lend me thy cloak and thy hat; and do thou put on my green Jerkin, and Ile go with thee directly along. The Barber loth to leave him until he had his Lute, yielded to the change. So when they came to the Gentlemans porch, he put on Georges green Jerkin and his Spanish hat, and he the Barbers cloak and his hat, Either of them being thus fitted, George knocks at the door, to whom the Porter bids heartily welcome, for George was well known, who at that time had all the oversight of the Pageants: he desires the Porter to bid his friend welcome, for he is a good fellow and a Keeper of Porter, one that at his pleasure can bestow a haunch of Venison on you; Marry that can I, quoth the Barber. I thank you sir, answered the Porter, M. Peel, my Master is in the Hall, pleaseth it you to walk in: With all my heart, quoth George, in the mean time let my friend bear you company. That he shall M. Peel, quoth the Porter, and if it please him he shall take a simple dinner with me. The Barber gives him hearty thanks, not misdoubting M. Peel any way, seeing him known, and himself so welcome, fell in chat with the Porter. George Peel goes directly to the Alderman, who note is come into the Court, in the eye of the Barber, where George after many complaints, drawes a black paper out of his bosome, and making action to the Barber reads to the Alderman, as followeth, I humbly desire your worship to stand my friend in a light matter, yonder hard fauoured knabe, that sits by your Worships Porter, hath dog'd me to arrest me, and I had no other means but to take your worships house for shelter, the occasion is but tribial, only for stealing of a piece of flesh, my self conforted with 3. or 4. Gentlemen of good fashion, that would not willingly have our names come in question. Therefore this is my boon, that your worship would let one of your servants let me out at the Garden door, and I shall think my self much indebted to your Worship. The kind Gentleman little dreaming of George Peels deceit, took him into the Parlor, gave him a brace of Angels, and caused one of his servants to let George out at the Garden door; which was no sooner opened, but George made way for the Barber seeing him any more, and all the way he went could not chuse but laugh at his knavish conceit, how he had guld the simple Barber, who sate all this while with

the Pezter blowing of his nails: to whom came this fellow that let out George Peel. You whoreson Paperly Rascal, quoth the fellow do you come to arrest any honest Gentleman in my Masters House? Not I, so God help me, quote the Barber, I pray sir, where is the Gentleman M. Peel that came along with me? Far enough quoth the fellow for your coming near him, he is gone out at the Garden doz. Garden doz quoth the Barber, why have you any moze dozs than one: We have sir and get you hence oz We set you going, good man Paper. Alas quoth the Barber, sir I am no Paper, I am quite undone: I am a Barber dwelling at Brainford, and with weeping tears up and told him how George had used him. The servant goes in and tells his Master, which when he heard, he could not but laugh at the first: yet out of pity of the poz Barber he gave him twenty shillings towards his loss. The Barber sighing, took it, and towards Brainford home he goes, and whereas he came from thence in a new Cloak and a fair Hat, he went home weeping in an old Hat, and a great Jerkin.

How *George Peel* became a Physician.

GEorge on a time being happily furnished both of hoze and money, though the hoze he hired, and the mony borrowed; but no matter how he was possest of them: and towards Oxford he rides to make merry with his friends and fellow students: and in his way he took up Wickham, where he sojourned that night; being at supper, accompanied with his Hostis, among other table-talk, they fell into discourse of Chirurgery, of which my Hostis was a simple professor, George Peel offerding the honour of my Sole Chyrurgion, upheld her in all the strange cures she talked of, and praised her woman y endeavour, telling her he loved her so much the better, because it was a thing that he professed, both Physick and Chirurgerie: and George had a Dictionary of Physical words, that it might set a better gloss upon that which he seemingly profest: and told his good Hostis at his return he would teach her something that would do her no hurt: for (quoth he) at this instant I am going about a great Cure as far as Warwick there to a Gentleman of great liking, and one that hath been in a Consumption this half year, and I hope to do him good. O God (quoth the Hostis) there is a Gentleman not a quarter of a mile off, that hath been a long time sick of the same

disease: Believe me, sir, quoth the Hostis, would it please your worship ere your departure in the morning, but to visit the Gentleman, and but spend your opinion of him, and I make no question but the Gentlewoman will be very thankfull to you, I faith (quoth George) happily at my return I may; but at this time my hast is such that I cannot: and so good night mine Hostis. So away went George to bed; and my giddy Hostis, right of the nature of most women, thought that night as long as ten, till she was delivered of that burthen of news which she had received from my new Doctor: (for so he termed himself.) Morning being come, at break of the day mine Hostis trudges to this Gentlemans house, acquainted his wife what an excellent man she had at her house, protesting he was the best seen in Physick, and had done the most strangest cures that ever she heard of: saying that if she would but send for him, no question he would do him good. The gentlewoman glad to hear of any thing that might procure the health of her Husband, presently sent one of her men to desire the Doctor to come and visit her Husband: which message when George heard, he wondred; for he had no more skill in Physick, than in musick, and they were as distant both from him, as heaven from hell. But to conclude, George set a bold face on it, and away went he to the sick Gentleman; where when he came, after some complement to the Gentlewoman, he was brought to the Chamber where the ancient Gentleman lay wonderful sick, for all Physick had given him over: George begins to feel his Pulses, and his Temples, saying, he was very far spent: yet, quoth he, under God, I will do him some good if Nature be not quite extinct. Whereupon he demanded whether they had ever a Garden? That I have quoth the Gentlewoman. I pray you direct me thither, quoth George: Where when he came he cut a handfull of every flower, herb, and blossom, or whatsoever else in the garden, and brought them in the lapid of his cloak, boyled them in Ale, strained them, boiled them again; and when he had all the juyce out of them, of which he made some pottle of drink, he caused the sick Gentleman to drink off a maudlin Cupful, and willed his wife to give him of that same at morning, noon and night: protesting, if any thing in this world did him good, it must be that: giving great charge to the Gentlewoman to keep him wonderful warm: and at my return, quoth George, some ten daies hence, I will return and see how he fares: For, quoth he by that time something will be done, and so I will take my leave.

Not so quoth the Gentlewoman, your worship must needs stay and take a simple dinner with me to day. Indeed, quoth George, I cannot now stay; my haste is such, I must presently to Horse. You may suppose George was in haste until he was out of the Gentlewomans house: for he knew not whether he had poisoned the Gentleman or not, which made him so eager to be gone out of the Gentlemans house. The Gentlewoman seeing she could by no means stay him, gave him two brace of Angels, which never shined long in his purse, and desired him at his return to know her house: which George promised, and with seeming niceness took the Gold, and towards Oxford went he, forty shillings heavier than he was, where he heavily domineered while his Physical mony lasted. But to see the strangeness of this: whether it was the vertue of some herb which he gathered, or the conceit of the Gentleman had of George Peel, but it so pleased God the Gentleman recovered: and in eight daies walked abroad: and that fortunate potion which George made at randome, did him more good than many pounds that he had spent in half a year before in Physick. George his mony being spent, he made his return towards London; and when he came within a mile of the Gentlemans house, he inquired of a country fellow how such a Gentleman did. The fellow told him, God be praised, his good Landlord was well recovered by a vertuous Gentleman that came this way by chance. Art thou sure of it, quoth George? Yes believe me, quoth the fellow, I saw him in the fields but this morning. This was no simple news to George. He presently sets spurs to his Horse, and whereas he thought to shun the town, he went directly to his Inne: at whose arrival, the Hostis clapt her hands, the Maister laught, the Tapster leapt, the Chamberlain ran to the Gentlemans house, and told them the Doctor was come. How joyful the Gentleman was, let them imagine that have any after-health. George Peel was sent for, and after a million of thanks from the Gentleman, and his friends, George Peel had twenty pounds delivered him: which mony how long it was a spending, let the Taverns in London witness.

How

How George helped his friend to a supper.

George was inbited one night by certain of his friends to Supper, at the White Hoste in Friday Street: and in the Evening as he was going, he met with an old friend of his, who was so sick at his stomack, hearing George tell him of the good cheer he went to, himself being unprovided both of meat and mony, that he swore he had rather have gone a mile about than have met him at that instant. And believe me quoth George, I am heartily sorry that I cannot take thee along with me, my self being but an inbited guest; besides thou art out of cloaths, unfitting for such a company: Marry this Ile do, if thou wilt follow my advice, Ile help thee to thy supper. Any way, quoth he to George, do thou but devise the means, and Ile execute it. George presently told him what he should do, so they parted. George well entertained, with extraordinary welcome, and seated at the upper end of the Table, Supper being brought up, P. P. watched his time below: and when he saw that the meat was carried up, up he followes, (as George had directed him,) who when George saw, You whoreson Rascal (quoth George) what make you here? Sir, quoth he, I am come from the party you wot of. You Rogue, (quoth George) have I not forewarned you of this; I pray you Sir, quoth he, hear my Errand. Do you prate, you Slave, quoth George, and with that took a Rabbet out of the Dish, and threw it at him. Quoth he, you use me very hardly. You Dunghill quoth George, do you out-face me? and with that took the other Rabbet, and threw it at his head, after that a Loaf; then drawing his dagger, making an offer to throw it, the Gentleman staid him: mean while P. P. got the Loaf and the two Rabbets, and away he went: which when George saw he was gone, after a little fretting, he sat quietly. So by that honest shift he helped his friend to his supper, and was never suspected for it of the company.

How George Peel was shaven, and of the revenge he took.

There was a Gentleman that dwelt in the West Country, and had stayed here in London a Tearm longer than he intended, by reason of a Book that George had to translate out of

Greek into English: and when he wanted mony, George had it of the Gentleman: but the more he supplyed him of Coin, the further off he was from his Book, and could get no end of it, neither by fair means, entreaty, or double payment; for George was of the Poeticall disposition, never to write so long as his mony lasted; some quarter of the Book being done, and lying in his hands at random: the Gentleman had plotted a means to take such an order with George next time he came, that he would have his Book finished. It was not long before he had his company: his arrival was for more mony: the Gentleman bids him welcom, causeth him to stay dinner, where falling into discourse about his Book, found that it was as near ended as he left it two months ago. The Gentleman meaning to be guld no longer, caused two of his men to bind George hand and foot in a Chair: a folly it was for him to ask what they meant by it: the Gentleman sent for a Barber, and George had a beard of an indifferent size, and well grown, he made the Barber shave him beard and head, left him as bare of hair, as he was of mony: the Barber he was well contented for his pains, who left George like an old woman in mans apparel, and his voice became it well, for it was more woman than man. George, quoth the Gentleman, I have alwaies used you like a friend, my purse hath been open to you: that you have of mine to translate, you know it is a thing I highly esteem, therefore I have used you in this fashion, that I might have an end of my Book, which shall be as much for your profit as my pleasure. So forth-with he commanded his men to unbind him, and putting his hand into his pocket, gave him two brace of Angels: quoth he, Mr. Peel drink this, and by that time you have finished my Book, your beard will be grown, untill which time I know you will be ashamed to walk abroad. George patiently took the gold, said little, and when it was dark night, took his leave of the Gentleman, and went directly home: who when his wife saw, I omit the wonder she made, but imagine those that shall behold their husbands in such a case. To bed went George, and ere morning he had plotted sufficiently how to cry quid pro quo with his politick Gentleman.

The Jest of *George Peel* at *Bristol*.

GEorge was at Bristol, and there staying somewhat longer than this coin would last him, his Palfrey that should be his Carrier to

to London, his head was grown so big, that he could not get him out of the stable. It so fortuned at that instant certain Players came to the Town, and lay at that Inn where George Peel was: to whom George was well known, being in that time an excellent Poet, and had acquaintance of most of the best Players in England from the tribial sort he was but so so; of which these were, onely knew George by name, no otherwise. There was not past three of the company come with the Carriage, the rest were behind, by reason of a long journy they had, so that night they could not enact, which George hearing, had presently a Stratagem in his head to get his Horse free out of the stable, and Mony in his purse to bear his charges up to London. And thus it was: He goes directly to the Mayor, tells him he was a Scholler and a Gentlemen, and that he had a certain History of the Knight of the Rhodes; and withall how Bristol was first founded, and by whom, and a brief of all those that before him had succeeded in Office in that worshipful City: desiring the Mayor that he, with his presence, and the rest of his Brethren, would grace his labours. The Mayor agreed to it, gave him leave, and withal appointed him a place, but for himself he could not be there, being in the evening: but bad him make the best benefit he could of the City, and very liberally gave him an Angel, which George thankfully receives, and about his business he goes, got his Stage made, his History cryed, and hired the Players Apparel, to flourish out his Shew, promising to pay them liberally; and withall desired them they would favour him so much, as to gather him his mony at the door, (for he thought it his best course to imploy them, lest they should spy out his knavery, for they have perilous heads.) They willingly yield to do him any kindness that lies in them, in brief, carry their apparel to the Hall, place themselves at the door, where George in the mean time with the ten shillings he had of the Mayor, delivered his Horse out of Purgatory, and carries him to the towns end, and there placeth him, to be ready at his coming. By this time the Audience were come, and so forty shillings gathered, which mony George put in his purse, and putting on one of the Players silk Robes, after the Trumpet had sounded thrice, out he comes, makes low obeysance, goes forward with his Prologue, which was thus:

A trifling Toy, a Jest of no account, pardy.
The Knight, perhaps you think for to be I:

Think on ſtill, for why you know that thought is free,
Sit ſtill a while, Ile ſend the Actors to yee.

Which being ſaid, after ſome fire workes that he had made of purpoſe, threw out among them, and down ſtairs goes he, gets to his Hoſte, and ſo with forty ſhillings to London, leaves the Players to anſwer it; who when the Jeſt was known, their innocence excuſed them, being as well gulled as the Major and the Audience.

How *George* gulled a Punk, otherwiſe called a Croſſabel.

COming to London he fell in company with a Cockatrice, which pleaſed his eye ſo well, that George fell a dazzling of her, and proffered her the wine, which my Croſſabel willingly accepted: to the Tabern they go, where after a little tole talk, George fell to the queſtion about the thing you wot of. My ſhe-hobby was very dainty, which made George far more eager; and my lecherous animal proffered largely to obtain his purpoſe. To conclude, nothing ſhe would grant unto except ready coin, which was forty ſhillings, not a farthing leſs: if ſo he would, next night ſhe would appoint him where he ſhould meet her. George ſaw how the game went, that ſhe war more for lucre than for lobe, thus cunningly anſwered her: Gentlewoman, howſoeber you ſpeak, I do not think your heart agrees with your tongue: the mony you demand is but to try me, and indeed but a trifle to me: but becauſe it ſhall not be ſaid I bought that I emme of you I prize ſo highly, Ile give you a token to morrow that ſhall be more worth than your demand, if ſo you pleaſe to accept it. Sir, quoth ſhe, it contenteth me well: and ſo, if pleaſe you, at this time weel part, and to morrow in the evening meet you where you ſhall appoint. The place was determined, and they kiſt and parted, he home, George into Saint Thomas Apoſtles, to a friend of his, of whom he knew he could take up a peticoat of truſt: (the firſt letter of his name begins with G.) A Peticoat he had of him, at the price of five ſhillings; which mony is owing till this day. The next night being come, they met at the place appointed, which was a Tabern; there they were to ſup: that ended, George was to go home

home with her, to end his Yeomans plea in her common case. But Master Peel had another drift in his mazzard: for he did so ply her with wine, that in a small time she spun such a thred, that she reeled homewards, and George he was fain to be her supporter: when to her house she came, with nothing so much painting in the inside, as her face had on the outside: with much ado her maid had her to bed, who was no sooner laid, but she fell fast asleep; which when George perceived, he sent the maid for milk, and a quart of Sack to make a Posset; where before her return, George made so bold as to take up his own new Petticoat, a fair Gown of hers, two gold Rings that lay in the window, and away he went: the Gown and the Gold Rings he made a chaffer of; the Petticoat he gave to his honest wife, one of the best deeds he ever did to her. How the Crosbabel looked when she awaked and saw this, I was never there to know.

How the Gentleman was gulled for shaving of *George*.

GEorge had a Daughter of the age of ten years, a Girl of a pretty form, but of an excellent wit: all part of her was Father, save her middle: and she had George so tutored all night, that although himself was the Author of it, yet had he been transformed into his Daughters shape, he could not have done it with more conceit. George, at that time dwelt at the Bank-side, from whence comes this she-sinnew, early in the morning, with her hair dishevelled, wringing her hands, and making such pitifull moan with shrieks and tears, and beating of her breast, that made the people in a maze: some stood wondering at the Child. other plucked her to know the occasion; but none could stay her by any means, but on she kept her journey, crying, O, her Father, her good Father, her dear Father, over the Bridge, thorow Cheapside, and so to the Old Bayly, where the Gentleman sojourned, there setting her self down, an hundred people gaping upon her, there she begins to cry out, Woe to that place, that her Father ever saw it, she was a cast-away, her Mother was undone, till with the noise, one of the Gentlemans men coming down, looked on her, and knew her to be George Peels Daughter: he presently runs up, and tells his Master; who commanded his man to bring her up. The Gentleman was

in a cold sweat, fearing that George had for the wrong he did him the day before, some way undone himself. When the Girl came up, he demanded the cause why she so lamented, and called upon her Father? George his flesh and blood, after a million of sighs cryed out upon him, he had made her Father, her good Father, drown himself. Which words once uttered, she fell into a counterfeit swoon, whom the Gentleman soon recovered. This news went to his heart, and he being a man of a very mild condition, cheered up the Girl, made his men to go buy her new cloaths from top to toe said he would be a Father to her, gave her five pounds, bid her go home and carry it to her mother, and in the evening he would visit her: At this by little and little she began to be quiet, desiring him to come and see her Mother. He tells her he will not fail, bids her go home quietly. So down Gairs goes she pearly, and the wondring people that stand at door to hear the manner of her grief, had of her nought but knavish answers, and home went she directly. The Gentleman was so crossed in mind, and disturbed in thought at this unhappy accident, that his soul could not be in quiet till he had been with this woful widdow, as he thought, and presently went to Black Fryers, took a pair of Oars and went directly to George Peels house. where he found his Wife plucking of Larks, my crying Crocadile turning of the spit, and George pind up in a blanket at his translation. The Gentleman more glad at the unlook for life of George, than the loss of his money, took part of the good cheer George had to supper, wondred at the cunning of the Wench, and within some few dates after had an end of his Book.

How *George* read a Play-book to a Gentleman.

There was a Gentleman, whom God had indued with good living to maintain his small wit: he was not a Fool absolute, although in this world he had good fortune: and he was in a manner an Jugle to George, one that took great delight to have the first hearing of any work that George had done, himself being a Writer, and had a Poetical invention of his own, which when he had with great labour finished, their fatal end was for Privy purposes. This self-conceited brock had George invented to half a score sheets of Paper; whose Christianly pen had writ Finis to the famous Play of the Turkish Mahomet, and Hyrin the fair Greek, in Italian called a

Curtezan,

Curtezan, in Spain, a Margarite, French, Un Curtain, in England, among the barbarous, a whore, but among the Gentle, their usual associates, a Punck: but now the word refined being latest, and the authority brought from a Climate as yet unconquered, the fruitful County of Kent, they call them Crosbabel, which is a word but lately used and fitting with their trade, being of a lovely and courteous condition. Leaving them: This Fantastick, whose brain was made of nought but Cork and Spunge, came to the cold lodging of Mounsieur Peel, in his black Sattin Suite, his Gown furred with Coney, in his Slippers: being in the evening, he thought to hear Georges book, and so to return to his Inn; (this not of the wisest, being of S. Bernards.) George bids him welcom, told him he would gladly have his opinion in his book. He willingly condescended, and George begins to read, and between every Scene, he would make pauses, and demand his opinion how he liked the carriage of it. Quoth he, wondrous well, the conveyance. (O, but (quoth George) the end is far better, for he meant another conveyance ere they two departed.) George was very tedious in reading, and the night grew cold: I protest, quoth the Gentleman, I have staied over-long, I fear me I shall hardly get into mine Inn. If you fear that, quoth George, we will have a clean pair of sheets, and you take a simple lodging here. This house-gull willingly embraced it, and to bed they go, where George in the midst of the night spying his time, put on this Dormouse his cloaths, desired God to keep him in good rest, honestly takes leave of him and the house, to whom he was indebted four Nobles. When this drone awaked, and found himself so left, he had not the wit to be angry, but swore scurvily at his misfortune, and said, I thought he would not have used me so. And although it so pleased the Fates he had another suit to put on, yet he could not get thence, till he had paid the mony George ow'd to the house, which for his credit he did: and when he came to his lodging, in anger he made a Poem of it:

Peel is no Poet, but a Gull and Clown,
To take away my Cloaths and Gown:
I vow by *Jove*, if I can see him wear it,
He give him a glyg, and patiently bear it.

How *George Peel* served half a score Citizens.

GEorge once had inbited half a score of his friends to a great Supper, where they were passing merry, no chear wanting, wine enough, musick playing: the night growing on, and being upon departure, they call for a reckoning. George swears there is not a penny for them to pay. They, being men of good fashion, by no means will yield unto it, but every man throws down his mony, some ten shillings, some five, some more: protesting something they will pay. Well, quoth George, taking up all the mony; seeing you will be so willful, you shall see what shall follow: he commands the musick to play, and while they skipping and dancing, George gets his cloak, sends up two pottles of Hypocras, and leave them and the reckoning to pay. They wondring at the stay of George, meant to be gone, but they were staid by the way, and before they went, forced to pay the reckoning anew. This shewed a mind in him, he cared not whom he deceived, so he profited himself for the present.

A Jest of *George* going to *Oxford*.

THere was somehalf dozen of Citizens, that had oftentimes been solicitors with George, he being a Master of Art at the University of Oxford, that he would ride with them to the Commencement, it being at Midsummer. George, willing to pleasure the Gentlemen his friends, rode along with them. when they had rode the better part of the way, they baited at a Village called Stoken, five miles from Wickham: good chear was bespoken for dinner, and merrie was the company, all but George, who could not be in that pleasant vein that did ordinarily possess him, by reason he was without mony: but he had not fetcht forty turns about the chamber, before his noddle had entertained a conceit how to mony himself with credit, and yet glean it from some one of the company. There was among them one excellent Ass, a fellow that did nothing but frisk up and down the Chamber, that his mony might be heard chide in his pocket: this fellow had George observed, and secretly conveyed his gilt Rapier and Dagger into another Chamber, and there closely hid it: that done, he called up the Tapster, and upon his cloak borrows five shilling for an hour or so, till his man came, (as he could fashion it

it well enough:) so much mony he had, and then who more merry than George? Meat was brought up, they set themselves to dinner, all full of mirth, especially my little fool, who drank not of the conclusion of their feast: dinner ended, much prattle past, every man begins to buckle to his furniture: among whom this Hitchcock missed his Rapier: at which all the company were in a maze, he besides his wits, for he had borrowed it of a special friend of his, and swore he had rather spend 20. Nobles. This is strange quoth George it should be gone in this fashion, none being here but our selves, and the fellows of the house: who were examined, but no Rapier could be heard of: all the company much grieved; but George in a pitiful chafe, swore it should cost him forty shillings, but he would know what was become of it, if Art could do it: and with that caused the Master to saddle his Nag, for George would ride to a Scholler, a friend of his, that had skill in such matters. O, good Mr. Peel, quoth the fellow, want no mony, here is forty shillings, see what you can do, and if you please, Ile ride along with you. Not so, quoth George, taking his forty shillings, Ile ride alone, and be you as merry as you can till my return. So George left them, and rode directly to Oxford, there he acquaints a friend of his with all the circumstance, who presently took Horse and rode along with him to laugh at the jest. When they came back, George tells them he had brought one of the rarest men in England, whom they with much complement did welcome. He, after a distracted countenance, and strange words, takes this Bulfinch by the wrist and carried him into the privy, and there willed him to put in his head, but while he had written his name, and told forty: which he willingly did: that done, the Scholler asked him what he saw? By my faith Sir, I smelt a villanous scent, but I saw nothing. Then I have, quoth he, and with that directed him where his Rapier was: saying, it is just North-East, inclosed in wood near the earth; for which they all made diligent search, till George, who hid it under a settle, found it, to the comfort of the fellow, the joy of the company, and the eternal credit of his friend, who was entertained with wine and sugar; and George redeemed his cloak, rode merrily to Oxford, having coin in his pocket, where this Leech spares not for any expence, for the good fortune he had in the happy finding of his Rapier.

How George served his Hostis.

GEorge lying at an old Widdows house, and had gone so far on the score, that his credit would stretch no further: for she had made a vow not to depart with drink or victuals without ready mony: which George seing the fury of his froward Hostis, in grief kept his chamber, called to his Hostis, and told her, she should understand that he was not without mony, how poorly soever he appeared to her, and that my eyes shall restitute, in the mean time good Hostis, quoth he, send for such a friend of mine. She did so, his friend came, to whom George imparted his mind, the effect whereof was this, to pawn his Cloak, Hose and Doublet, unknown to his Hostis: for, quoth George, these seven nights do I intend to keep my bed, (truly he spake, for his intent was, the bed should not keep him any longer.) Away goes he to pawn his apparrel; George bespeaks good cheer to supper, which was no shambles butchers stuff, but according to the place: for his Chamber being remote from the house, at the end of the Garden, his apparel being gone, it appeared to him as the Counter, therefore to comfort himself, he dealt in Poultry. His friend brought the mony, supped with him, his Hostis he very liberally payed, cavilled with her at her unkindness: bowing that while he lay there, none should attend him but his friend. The Hostis replyed, a Gods name, she was well contented with it: so was George too: for none knew better than himself what he intended, but in brief, thus he used his kind Hostis. After his Apparrel and mony was gone, he made bold with the Feather-bed he lay on, which his friend fully conveyed away, having as villanous a cormorant in his belly as George, though not altogether so wise, for that Feather-bed they devoured in three dayes, feathers and all: which was no sooner digested, but away went the Coverlet, Sheets, and the Blanket; and at the last dinner, when Georges good friend perceiving nothing left but the bed-cords, as the Devil would have it, straight came in his mind the fashion of a halter; the foolish kind knave would needs fetch a quart of sack for his friend George, which sack to this day never saw Wintners Cellar: and so he left George in a cold chamber, a thin shirt, a ravished bed, no comfort left him, but the bare bones of deceased Capons. In this distress George bethought him what he might do, nothing was left him; and his eye wandred

up and down the empty Chamber, by chance he spied out an old Armor, at which sight George was the joyfullest man in Christendome, for the Armour of Achilles, that Ulysses and Ajax strobe for, was not more precious to them, than this to him: for he presently claps it upon his back, the Halbert in his hand, the Morrion on his head, and so gets out the back way, marches from Shordich to Clarkenwell, to the no small wonder of those spectators that beheld him. Being arrived to the wished haben he would be, an old acquaintance of his furnished him with an old Sute, and an old Cloak for his old Armour. How the Hostis looked when she saw that Metamorphosis in her chamber, judge those Bombasts that live by tapping, between the age of fifty and threescore.

How he served a Tapster.

GEorge was making merry with three or four of his friends in Pye-corner, where the Tapster of the house was much given to Poetry: for he had ingrossed the Knight of the Sun, Venus and Adonis, and other Pamphlets which the gripling had collected together, and knowing George to be a Poet, he took great delight in his company, and out of his bounty would bestow a brace of Canns of him. George observing the humour of the Tapster, meant presently to worke upon him. What will you say, quoth George to his friends, if out of the spirit of the Cellar I fetch a good Angel that shall bid us all to supper. We would gladly see that, quoth his friends. Content your self, quoth George. The Tapster ascends with his two Cans, delivers one to M. Peel, and the other to his friends, gives them kind welcome: but George instead of giving him thanks, bids him not to trouble him, and begins in these terms. I protest, Gentlemen, I wonder you will urge me so much, I swear I have it not about me. What is the matter, quoth the Tapster, hath any one angred you? No faith, quoth George, Ile tell thee, it is this: There is a friend of ours in Newgate, for nothing but only the command of the Justices, and he being now to be released, sends to me to bring him an Angel: now the man I love dearly well, and if he want ten Angels he shall have them, for I know him sure: but heres the misery, either I must go home, or I must be forced to pawn this, and plucks an old Harry groat out of his pocket. The Tapster looks upon it: Why, and it please you Sir, quoth he, this

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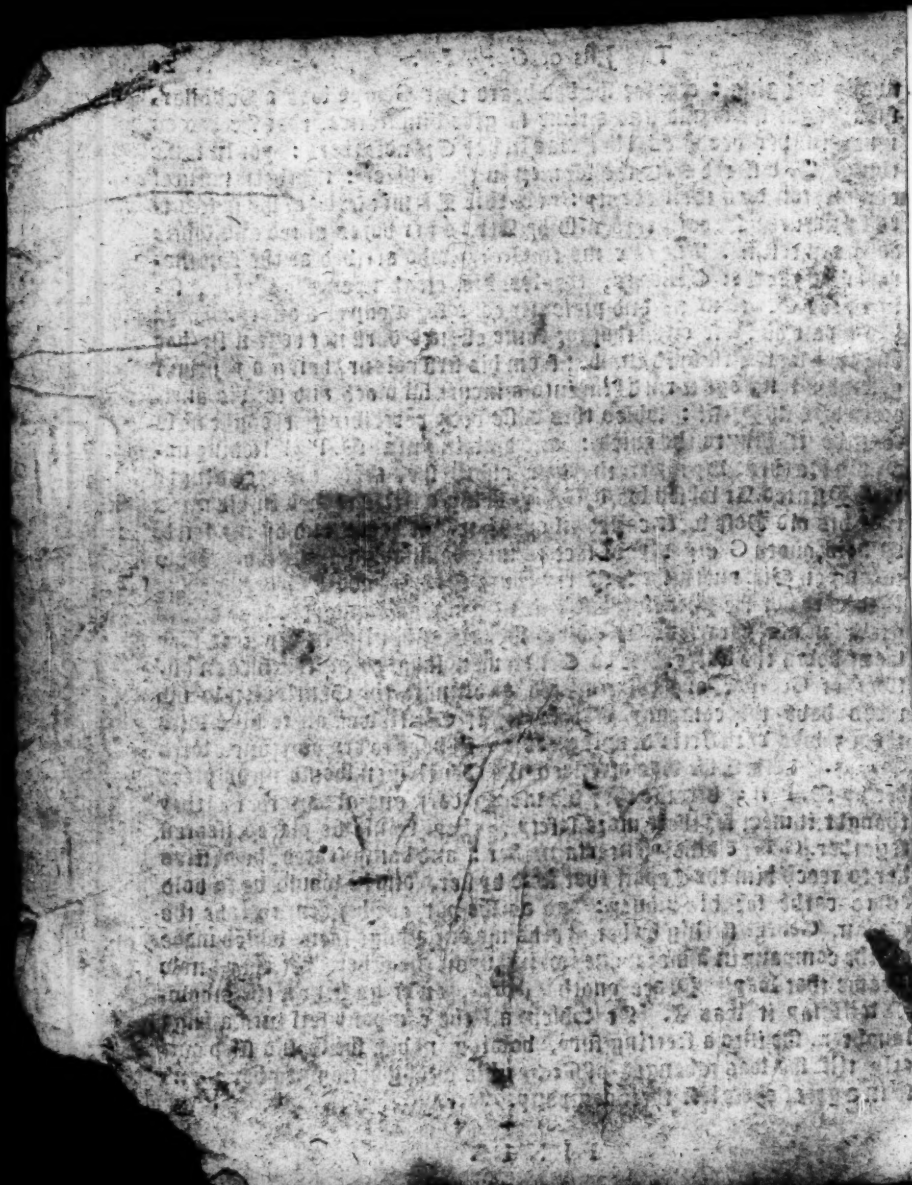
is but a groat. No Sir, quoth George, I know it is but a groat: but this groat will I not lose for forty pound; for this groat had I of my Mother, as a testimony of a Lease of a house I am to possess after her decease: and if I should lose this groat, I were in a fair case: and either I must pawn this groat, or there the fellow must lie still. Quoth the Tapster, if it please you I will lend you an Angel on it, and I will assure you it shall be safe. Will thou, quoth George, as thou art an honest man, lock it up in thy Chest, and let me have it whensoever I call for it. As I am an honest man, you shall, quoth the Tapster: George delivered him his groat: the Tapster gave him ten shillings, to the Tavern go they with the mony, and there merrily spend it. It fell out in a short all time after, the Tapster, having many of these lurches fell to decay, and indeed was turned out of service, having no more coin in the world than this groat; and in this misery he met George as poor as him self. Sir, quoth the Tapster, you are happily met: I have your groat safe, though since I saw you last, I have bin in great extremity: and I protest, save that groat, I have not one penny in the world; Therefore I pray you Sir, help me to my mony, and take your pawn. Not for the world quoth George; thou saist thou hast but that groat in the world, my bargain was, that thou shouldst keep that groat until I did demand it of thee: I ask thee none: I will do thee more good, because thou art an honest fellow, keep thou that groat still, till I call for it, and so doing, the proudest Jack in England cannot justifie thou art not worth a groat, otherwise they might: and so honest Michael, farewell. So George leaves the poor Tapster picking of his fingers, his head full of Proclamations, what he might do, at last sighing: he ends with this Proverb:

For the price of a barrell of Beer,
I have bought a groats-worth of wit,
Is not that dear?

How *George* served a Gentlewoman,

GEorge used often to an Ordinary in this Town, where a kinswoman of the good wifes in the house, held a great pride and vain opinion of her own mother-wit, for her tongue was as a Jack, continually

nually wagging: and for she had heard that George was a Scholler, she thought she would find a time to give him notice, that she had as much in her head, as ever was in her Grandfathers: yet in some things she differed from the women in those daies: for their natural complexion was their beauty: now this Timouse, what she is scanted by nature, she doth repleniſh by Art, as her boxes of red and white daily can teſtifie. But to come to George, who arrived at the Ordinary among other Gallants, throws his cloak upon the Table, ſalutes the Gentlemen, and preſently calls for a cup of Canary. George had a pair of Hoſe on, that for ſome offence durſt not be ſeen in that hue they were firſt dyed in, but from his firſt colour, being a youthful green, his long age turned him into a mournful black, and for his antiquity was in Print: which this baſſe body perceiving thought now to gibe it him to the quick: and drawing near M. Peel, looking upon his breeches, By my troth, Sir quoth ſhe, theſe are exceedingly well Printed. At which word, George being a little moved in his mind that his old Hoſe were called in queſtion, anſwered, and by my faith, Miſtris, quoth George, your face is moſt damnably ill painted. How mean you Sir, quoth ſhe? Marry thus, Miſtris, quoth George. That if it were not for Printing and painting my arſe and your face would grow out of reparations. At which ſhe biting her lip in a parrat-fury went down the ſtairs. The Gentlemen laughed at the ſudden anſwer of George, and being ſeated at dinner, the Gentlemen would needs have the company of this witty Gentlewoman to dine with them; who with little denying came, in hope to try quittance with George. When ſhe was aſcended, the Gentlemen would needs place her by M. Peel; becauſe they did uſe to dart one at another, they thought it meet for their more ſafety, they ſhould be placed neareſt together. George kindly entertains her: and being ſeated, he deſires her to reach him the Capon that ſtood by her, and he would be ſo bold as to carve for his money: and as ſhe put out her arm to take the Capon, George ſitting by her, yerks me out a huge fart, which made all the company in a maze, one looking upon the other, yet they knew it came that way. Peace quoth George, and jogs her on the elbow, I will ſay it was I. At which all the company fell into a huge laughter, ſhe into a fretting fury, vowing never ſhe ſhould ſleep quietly till ſhe was revenged of George his wrong done unto her: and ſo in a great chafe left their company.

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